

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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POPE'S STUDY, AT STANTON HARCOURT.

In this romantic retreat, Pope translated part of the Iliad of Homer. The place needs no other association to endear it to our readers; but it has likewise the recommendation of considerable antiquity.

The village of Stanton Harcourt is situate about eight miles from Oxford. The manor was in the possession of the Harcourt family for upwards of six centuries. It was granted by Adeliza, the second queen of Henry I. to her kinswoman, Milcent, wife of Richard de Camvil, whose daughter, Isabel, married Robert de Harcourt. This ancient family chiefly resided here till the latter part of the seventeenth century, and some curious fragments of a mansion constructed by them at a very early period are, or were lately, in existence. This mansion was in the true old English style: the kitchen was on a construction of which we had only one more example remaining in England; the kitchen formerly appertaining to the Abbey of Glastonbury. The principal apartments stood between the kitchen and the domestic chapel. One of these was called the Queen's Chamber, from Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, who was entertained with much splendour in this mansion.

The domestic chapel, with a chamber over part of it, and a tower containing three apartments, one above the other,

is seen in the Engraving. The lower part has a flat wooden ceiling, composed of squares, with red and yellow mouldings. The painted ground is blue, with gilded stars in the middle of each compartment. This tower is thought to have been erected in the reign of Edward IV. The upper room retains the name of *Pope's Study*. In this deserted mansion the poet passed a part of two summers, while engaged in his translation of Homer. His noble friends, the proprietors of the domain, resided, meantime, at a neighbouring seat, termed Cockthorp. There Gay was their visitor; and he was nearly the only person who presumed to break occasionally on the great translator's retirement. On a pane of red stained glass, in one of the casements of this retirement, Pope placed the following inscription:

In the year 1718,

Alexander Pope

Finished here

The fifth volume of Homer.

This pane of glass is now preserved at Nuneham Courtenay, as an interesting relic of genius.\*

\* We abridge these particulars from an account written by the late Earl of Harcourt, and printed for private circulation only. Pope describes the place in a letter written from Stanton to the Duke of Buckingham: "which account," says Lord Harcourt, "is incorrect in nearly every particular, as may be seen by an existing plan."

## TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

*(For the Mirror.)*

Ye Winds! that sing the dirge  
Of the dead that sleep around,  
As ye pass the gloomy heath,  
And the crested waves beneath,  
Ye proclaim a tale of death  
In your sound;—

Ye recall from buried years  
The phantom forms of those  
Who obeyed the trumpet loud,  
And beheld the battle cloud,  
With its dark and crimson shroud,  
O'er them close.

They fell as heroes fall,  
Contending with the foe;  
And o'er their tombs ye sweep  
Like a spirit's murmur deep,  
When the moonbeam lights the steep  
With its glow.

Ye mountain Winds! I hear  
Your voices in the pine,—  
They haunt my thoughtful heart,  
As, silent and apart,  
It excludes delusive art  
From its shrine.

In summer's gorgeous calm,  
Ye kiss the queenly rose,  
When the verdant fields and trees  
Are musical with bees,  
And blue gleam the seas  
In repose.

And when the stormy waves  
Unroll their surf at night,  
And lurid clouds are driven  
Across the starless heaven,  
The lofty rocks are riven  
By your might.

In scenes of calm or storm,  
O be it yours to bear  
A dirge o'er every grave  
Where tufted roses wave  
In honour of the brave  
Sleeping there.

Deal.

G. R. C.

## JEALOUSY.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

*"Quando il fanciullo Amore."*

WHEN the rosy God of Love  
From slumber in the Paphian grove  
Awoke, and found his torch was lying  
In pale and feeble splendour, dying,  
With startling haste he cried aloud,  
Summoning his amorous crowd;—  
Then came Sighs, and Smiles, and Tears,  
Flattery, and Hopes and Fears,  
With Anger and his mate—Disdain,  
Who kindled soon the torch again.  
At last it chanced one day to fade,  
When Jealousy the call obey'd.  
In furious haste she rudely came,  
And fiercely blew the trembling flame,  
That scarce a Zephyr's breath requir'd;  
But thus assail'd—the light expir'd.—E. L. J.

## TITIAN.

*(For the Mirror.)*

RESPLENDENT Titian, from thy magic hand,  
Gleam the rich pictures which adorn thy land;  
Those glowing forms, those dark and lovely  
eyes  
Which only sparkle 'neath Italian skies.  
Those holy saints which deck the convents' hall,  
The haughty Doges on the palace wall,  
The pilgrim and the templars steel clad knight,  
With helm and morion glancing in the fight.  
The turbaned Turk, the pale and swarthy Jew,  
All these like life thy splendid pencil drew!  
The pride of Venice to her wealthy wave  
A rich romance, thy fame and genius gave:  
Still in her corridors thy canvass abides;  
There thy soft Venus like a queen reclines.  
Pensive Madonnas and sweet Magdalenes,  
Bright moonlight sailings and gay festive scenes,  
The azure Sunrise, and grey tinted Eve,  
Like an impassioned fairy, didst thou weave.  
And radiant gems of deep and golden dyes,  
Betray the ruby tints of Paradise.

M. F. G.

## THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN.

*(For the Mirror.)*

Fount of the Chapel with ages grey,  
Thou art springing freshly amidst decay!  
Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low,  
And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now.  
HEMANS.

OLD Fount! thy waters murmur yet  
Beneath the sunny tree;  
The violets with thy rills are wet,  
And softly laved by thee.

The skies are rich with clouds above,  
And stainless is the rose,  
As when the symbol of the Dove  
Seem'd watching thy repose.

Thou hast unto the pilgrim's heart  
A dream of heaven conveyed,  
When, deeply silent and apart,  
Before thy shrine he prayed.

And when the sunset trembled o'er  
Thy wave at day's decline,  
The winds came wafted from the shore,  
Instinct with sounds divine.

But all the stars that grace the hush  
Of night, when skies are blue,  
Will ne'er again behold thee gush  
O'er flow'rs of sunny hue.

No, sacred Fount! the Ivy clings  
Unto thy ruin'd wall,  
And birds that roam on glancing wings  
Lament around thy fall.

No more the warrior's helm is laid  
Upon thy marble shrine;  
And where the weary pilgrim prayed,  
Thy rills have ceased to shine.

But beautiful is thy decay,  
Forsaken as thou art,  
And many a thought it might convey  
Unbidden to the heart.

Although thy chapel's holy gloom  
Will haunt the eye no more,  
Yet summer skies above thee bloom,  
As in the days of yore,—

So thus, when earthly gauds are fled,  
And kindred spirits riven,  
What hopes can bind us to the dead  
But those inspired by heaven?  
*Deal.*

G. R. C.

## Spirit of the Annuals.

BABY.

(Concluded from page 457.)

"Fatigue had now completely exhausted me, and sleep began to steal over my faculties. A yawn was the sign of this soporific condition; and will it be credited that the wretched nurse would not even permit this natural symptom? She who had violently forced my mouth open for her own cruel purpose, would not suffer me to open it myself, but the moment she saw me seeking this relief, she clapped her finger and thumb under my lower jaw, which she pushed upwards till I thought it would have cracked again.

"Inured to suffering, sleep at length closed my weary eye-lids, and I slumbered free from sorrows for awhile. But it was the mere insensibility of tired nature—not a sweet and refreshing repose. Ignorant people, and especially poets, talk of balmy sleep being like an infant's.—Bah! they must have forgotten their infancy—the swaddling which precludes free respiration—the other incumbrances of babyhood. For my share I had a horrid dream. I fancied I was put away from the world again, and I could, but I will not, a tale unfold.

"I woke but to fresh troubles, to new and unheard-of inflictions, of which it is almost impossible to state whether the utter nastiness or the barbarity were the most shameful. Like a criminal from the rack condemned to undergo farther ordeals, no sooner did the nurse notice that I was taking a survey of the chamber than she immediately darted upon her prey. From a small skillet or pan she spooned forth a thickish unpleasant substance, whether called pap or gruel I never could learn, for I heard both names applied indiscriminately; and first—oh, beast!—drawing the mess through an ordeal of mouth never to be forgotten, she poked the revolting spoonful almost into my throat. Reject it I could not; down it went. In flavour certainly not so abominable as my breakfast of castor oil, this my second meal was rendered no less obnoxious by the process of its administration or service. Surely in this instance, whoever sent the meat, the devil inspired the cook.

"The consequence might easily have

been foreseen, but it was very hard that, from no excess of my own, I was attacked with cholera—the fashionable name for what my grandmamma in ultra-refinement termed a stomach complaint. But whether called by a learned Greek, a fashionable, or a vulgar name, I was compelled to endure what I had been compelled to incur. I was no volunteer glutton or drunkard; superior to man, I had not made the ill of which I had so much cause to complain.

"Had it not been for the continuance of my malady, I might have fancied that the world was not a perpetual hell. For several hours I was not meddled with. A great piece of flannel was wrapped round my head and shoulders, and I was smothered in the bed, which had something of warmth more consonant to my constitutional habits than the cold of a winter night to which I had been so much exposed.

"A weary period having elapsed, I was removed from my nest. The fire yet burned cheerfully, but the candle had grown to an immense wick with a top like the dome of St. Paul's, and a light dim and flickering. Nurse sat by the fire-side in a great arm-chair, smelling more than ever of the beverage which was as the breath of her nostrils; that breath, by the by, was ever and anon tuned to a deep but by no means musical diapason. Lying on her knee during one of these naps, I gazed around with that degree of curiosity which new situations commonly excite, for I naturally wished to become acquainted with the manners, habits, and customs of my fellow-creatures. The view impressed me with no idea of comfort. Phials with labels about their necks, pipkins, napkins, basins, clothes, chairs, and tables at all sorts of angles, &c. &c. &c., seemed so untidy that I could well understand why it was called a sick-room: it was enough to make any body sick.

"As morning approached, two or three maids began to peep in. They giggled, walked on tiptoe, and appeared as highly elated as if each had borne a son of her own. They drank with the nurse, and carried off some tea and sugar to make breakfast. One or two of them looked at me and observed that I was a nasty looking animal. After which they laughed and took a glass, whispering, as far as I could gather, a great deal of impertinent nonsense.

"Carrying me in her arms, the nurse about this time went towards the window, and quietly withdrawing the curtain, lest my mamma should observe

how malignantly she was treating me, exposed me to the full glare of morning. The flash of pain was excessive: instinct shut up my eyes, or I should have been blinded for life. But this was only one of the slightest of the miseries heaped upon me.

"Soon after, my first acquaintance on earth returned, under pretence of inquiring about my health. The villain in my own hearing, approved of all that had been done to me, and spoke of repeating the same kind of usage if I presumed to dispute their authority. While he was talking another man came in, who I soon gathered was another ruthless enemy of mine. Indeed I saw now that he was the origin of all my distress—the instigator of my persecution; and like a coward bribed others to commit the crime he had not courage to perpetrate with his own hands. I tried hard to divine what new plot was hatching against me, but could not make it out. I only observed this fellow slip the bribe into the open fingers of the other, who, though called doctor, which is derived from learning, looked smilingly like a murderer, evidently promised acquiescence, and walked away, grinning most diabolically as he conveyed the gold to his pocket.

"The noise, I presume, waked my poor mamma, for she uttered a low noise, and moved slightly on her pillow. Alas! it was but to provoke outrage: the second savage strode up to the bed, and putting his face close to her's, gave her a smack; which, though partially concealed, was perfectly audible to my ear. How I longed for a giant's strength to punish the miscreant! but I was condemned to a similar fate. The suffering saint was so accustomed to ill-treatment, that she only smiled faintly and waved her pale hand; when the assassin quitted his prey and advanced towards me. My rage and hatred were inconceivable; I think I could have repelled him had he assailed me alone, but one of his infamous associates was still left to help him: she held me towards him, and he served me exactly as he had served my martyr of a mother. Till then I knew not the pang she had borne with such patient resignation: of all the pains I had yet encountered it was the most poignant and severe. His chin was armed all over with sharp spears and short but cutting knives; and these, by a dexterous motion, such as only long practice could have taught the tormentor, he contrived to stab into every pore of his victim's face. I screeched aloud, and I saw the tear come into mamma's

eyes; but the others, as before, only made a scoff of my agony. 'He is a charming boy, and your very picture! he is indeed his papa's own!' said the nurse (as confounded a lie as ever was uttered! and, besides, my countenance was so distorted that I was like nothing human); and then papa chuckled out a horse laugh, and taking his purse, without the least affectation of secrecy, bribed and rewarded his other vile companion.

"A few words passed between them; and again inflicting the torture upon his unhappy and unresisting wife, the flinty-hearted tyrant withdrew.

"I had hitherto preserved considerable resolution under the indignities and dangers of my situation; but the last occurrence depressed me exceedingly. I clearly perceived that the only living creature attached to me by sympathy was exposed to the worst of injuries on that account: I saw that she was broken-spirited and uncomplaining, though decidedly unable to undergo, as I had done, the continued attacks of our adversaries: as a proof of this I may state that she took a cup of the oil, which the nurse presented to her, without even kicking or squalling. My soul died within me, and the shock of my feelings, I have no doubt, hastened my own dissolution.

"Well, the day wore on: several women called in for a few minutes, and all seemed of a mind that I ought to be made away with. One advised a second spoonful of oil as the means; another something named Daffy's Elixir; a third a drop or two of gin—on which the nurse swallowed a bumper aside, to show, as it were, how it might be taken without flinching. Among the rest was a very old female, whom they styled grand-mamma, because she was dressed in a stately guise: this hideous person disguised herself by putting two round glasses over her eyes, and then came close to me. Oh, the insufferable bel-dam! a powder, of the most pungent and acrid nature, which she had concealed about her nose till near enough to shake it over my innocent organs, was so cunningly applied that I was not even aware of the insidious act till in the midst of fondling the whole catastrophe overwhelmed me. I endeavoured to ease myself by sneezing; upon which the company burst into a titter:—my curse be upon them for their inhumanity.

"By degrees we were left again to night and solitude; but my nerves had been so lacerated, and my constitution so impaired, that it soon became too

evident the machinations of the conspirators were likely to terminate to their contentment. Lest it should be too slow, one of them was again sent for—my first worthy friend—and he ordered more poisons to be forced down my throat. In nothing was I left to nature; my very limbs were encumbered as if they had dreaded that being born a *sans culottes*, a *sans culottes* I should die: the inconveniency of this I will not describe. I was born to ill-luck in every thing—to good-luck in nothing.

"Flayed, drowned, insulted, incapacitated, smothered, abused, tortured, poisoned, is it to be wondered at that I resigned myself quietly to the prospect of a release? My poor mamma was unhappy, and cried; and the last of the conspirators appeared upon the stage. He was a ferocious looking fellow, with a red face and twinkling eyes; and I suppose he was brought at the late hour from a masquerade, as he was dressed in a domino. I fancy he had taken off his mask, but I will not positively assert aught of which I am not sure. Be that as it may, he took a little book from his pocket, and mumbled a few sentences (it would have gratified the literary taste with which I was born had he uttered them distinctly); he then dipped his fingers into some water and contemptuously threw it in my face. Previous to this, however, there was a dispute among the actors of my tragedy. Mamma said softly, 'Let it be William Frederick Augustus Gustavus: I so love a beautiful name, and one of which he may be proud hereafter.' But my ruthless papa replied, 'No, it must be Peter Nathaniel, or uncle Peter may be offended, and old Nat Carmudgeon, who has promised to stand godfather, forget him in his will.' 'Peter Nathaniel' accordingly exclaimed the black ruffian when he dashed the water over my piteous countenance.

"It was of less consequence, for the curtain was now about to fall: I felt too weak to resent this last contumely and submitted to be placed on the bed of my sorrowing parent. She gently laid me on her bosom, and the sight was so affecting that the bearded barbarian, papa, seemed to be moved by it. He dropped some consolatory words, and said if any thing could restore me that loved bosom would. I was sorry to be obliged to agree with the murderer in any one opinion, though I felt I was fast departing; but in truth this soft and yielding breast was delightful whereon to rest my fevered cheek: I raised my little hand towards it—I threw the latest

glance of my closing eye upon it—I drew one draught of nature from its fountain—I uttered one short sigh—I had for one moment tasted an earthly heaven, and for an everlasting heaven I winged my flight."

With this beautiful sentence BABY concluded his auto-biography, to which I have only two particulars to add, which I did not introduce into the narration for fear they might interrupt its simple pathos and elegant connexion. When I heard BABY state in the course of it, oftener than once, that he was a genius and born with a natural taste for literature, I thought it right to ask him for a definition of man—a definition which Plato, and a considerable number of philosophers since Plato, have failed to reach. To this he replied, with wonderful promptitude—

"MAN IS A WRITING ANIMAL."

Astounded by this immortal answer, I could scarcely breathe out—"Oh, young but mighty sage! can I perform aught to perpetuate my veneration for the memory of so extraordinary a being?" To which BABY sweetly rejoined, with the humility of a child, "Engrave this distich upon my monument:

"Since I have been so quickly *done for*,  
I marvel what I was begun for!!"

Keepsake.

#### STANZAS WRITTEN IN A CATHEDRAL.

By T. K. Hervey.

How loud, amid these silent aisles,  
My quiet footstep falls—  
Where words, like ancient chronicles,  
Are scattered o'er the walls:  
A thousand phantoms seem to rise  
Beneath my lightest tread,  
And echoes bring me back replies  
From homes that hold the dead!  
Death's harvests of a thousand years  
Have here been gathered in—  
The vintage where the wine was tears,  
The labourer was sin:  
The loftiest passions and the least  
Lie sleeping side by side,  
And love hath reared its staff of rest  
Beside the grave of pride!  
Alike o'er each, alike o'er all,  
Their lone memorials wave;  
The banner on the sculptured wall,  
The thistle o'er the grave—  
Each, herald-like proclaims the style  
And bearings of its dead;  
But hangs one moral, all the while,  
Above each slumbering head.  
And the breeze, like an ancient bard, comes by  
And touches the solemn chords  
Of the harp which death has hung on high,  
And fancy weaves the words:  
Songs that have one unvaried tone,  
Though they sing of many an age:  
And tales, to which each graven stone  
Is but the title page.  
The warrior here hath sheathed his sword,  
The poet crush'd his lyre,  
The miser left his counted hoard,  
The chemist quench'd his fire;

The maiden never more steals forth  
To hear her lover's lute;  
And all the trumpets of the earth  
To the soldier's ear are mute.

Here the pilgrim of the hoary head  
Has flung his crutch aside,  
And the young man gained the bridal-bed  
Where death is the young man's bride;  
The mother is here whom a weary track  
Led sorrowing to the tomb,  
And the babe whose path from heaven, back,  
Was but its mother's womb.

The moonlight sits, with her sad, sweet smile,  
O'er the heedless painter's rest;  
And the organ rings through the vaulted aisle,  
But it stirs not the minstrel's breast;  
The mariner has no wish to roam  
From his safe and silent shore;  
And the weeping in the mourner's home  
Is hushed for evermore.

My heart is as an infant's still,  
Though mine eyes are dim with tears;  
I have this hour no fear of ill,  
No grief for vanished years—  
Once more, for this wild world I set  
My solitary bark;  
But, like those sleepers, I shall yet  
Go up into that ark!

*Friendship's Offering.*

## Retrospective Gleanings.

STRIKING IN THE KING'S COURT.

(From Chamberlayne's *Angliæ Notitia*.)

THE King's Court, or House, where the King resideth, is accounted a place so sacred, that if any man presume to strike another within the Palace, where the King's Royal Person resideth, and by such a stroke only draw blood, his right hand shall be stricken off, and he be committed to perpetual imprisonment, and fined. By the ancient laws of England, only striking in the King's Court was punished with death, and loss of goods.

To make the deeper impression and terror into men's minds, for striking in the King's Court, it hath been ordered, that the punishment should be executed with great solemnity and ceremony, as follows:—

The Sergeant of the King's Wood-yard brings to the place of execution a square block, a beetle, staple, and cords, to fasten the hand thereto; the Yeoman of the Scullery provides a great fire of coals by the block, wherein the searing irons, brought by the Chief Farrier, are to be ready for the Chief Surgeon to use. Vinegar and cold water, brought by the Groom of the Saucery. The Chief Officers of the Cellar and Pantry are also to be ready—one with a cup of red wine, and the other with a manchet, to offer the criminal after the hand is cut off, and the stump seared. The Sergeant of the Ewery is to bring linen, to wind about and wrap the arm.

The Yeoman of the Poultry, a cock to lay to it; the Yeoman of the Chandry, seared cloths; the Master Cook, a sharp dresser knife, which at the place of execution is to be held upright by the Sergeant of the Larder, till execution be performed by an officer appointed thereto, &c. After all, shall be imprisoned during life, and fined, and ransomed at the King's Will.

## ORIGIN OF THE JENNY, &c.

ORIGINALLY, all the cotton yarn manufactured in this country, was spun by hand, upon that well-known instrument called a one thread wheel. The first successful attempt that was made to spin cotton by machinery, was by a person of the name of Hargreaves, in 1767, who was a weaver, at Stanhill, near Blackburn, in Lancashire. He resided near the print-ground, the first and infant establishment of the late Sir Robert Peel. An anecdote is still recorded in the neighbourhood, which ascribes to accident the parent of so many useful discoveries.

A number of young people were one day assembled at play in Hargreaves' house, during the time allotted for dinner, and the wheel at which he, or some of his family were spinning, was by accident overturned. The thread still remained in the hand of the spinner, and as the arms and periphery of the wheel were prevented by the framing from any contact with the floor, the velocity it had acquired still gave motion to the spindle, which continued to revolve as before. Hargreaves surveyed this with mingled curiosity and attention. He expressed his surprise in exclamations, and continued again and again to turn round the wheel as it lay on the floor, with an interest which was at the time mistaken for mere indolence. He had before attempted to spin with two or three spindles affixed to the ordinary wheel, holding the several threads between the fingers of his left hand, but the horizontal position of the spindles rendered this attempt ineffectual; it is not therefore improbable (says his biographer) that he derived from this circumstance, the first idea of that machine which paved the way for subsequent improvement. The jenny which Hargreaves invented was in its original form a rude machine, being obliged to work in secret. Popular prejudice was soon excited against him, and the threats of his neighbours obliged him to conceal his machine for some time after it



supplied the woof or weft for his own looms. It was discovered that he had made a *spinning machine*, and he was driven from his home, and his house destroyed. He removed to Nottingham, and after having assisted various persons in the construction of machinery, &c. he died in poverty. Even at Nottingham, if our information be correct, (say his biographers) a serious affray took place on the first erection of the new machine, in which Hargreaves was severely wounded, and a young woman who had accompanied him from Lancashire and had been accustomed to the management of his first jenny, nearly lost her life.

The *wheel or fly shuttle*, was invented about one hundred years ago, by Mr. John Kay, who, owing to the persecution he suffered on this account, removed to France, where he died.

P. T. W.

#### ORIGIN OF QUARANTINE.

BROWNIGO, an Englishman, who wrote a book on the means of preventing the plague, says that quarantine was first established by the Venetians in the year 1487.

Le Bret, in his *History of the Republic of Venice*, tells us that the grand council in 1348, chose three prudent persons whom they ordered to investigate the best means for preserving health, and to lay the result of their inquiry before the council.

The plague which broke out afterwards in 1478, rendered it necessary that some permanent means should be adopted, and on that account a peculiar magistracy of three noblemen was instituted in 1485. As these were not able to stop the progress of the disease, the painful office was imposed upon them, in 1504, of imprisoning people against whom complaints might be lodged, and even of putting them to death; and in 1585, it was declared that from the determination of these judges there should be no appeal. Their principal business was the inspection of the lazarettos, erected in certain places at some distance from the city, and in which it was required that all persons and merchandize coming from suspected parts should continue a stated time fixed by the law. The captain of every ship was also obliged to show them the bill of health which he had brought along with him.

It is supposed that the space of forty days being chosen, originated from some

superstitious notions with regard to Lent.—*Beckmann*.

#### COCKNEY.

Dr. JOHNSON says, "the origin of this word is much controverted. The French use an expression, *pais de cocaigne*, for a country of dainties."

*Paris est pour un riche un pais de cocaigne.*  
BOILEAU.

"Of this word they are not able to settle the original. It appears, whatever was its first ground, to be very ancient, being mentioned in an old Norman-no Saxon poem."

Ray, in his *Proverbs*, tells us—"This nick-name is more than four hundred years old; for when Hugh Bigot added artificial fortifications to his naturally strong castle of Bungay, in Suffolk, he gave out this rhythm, therein vaunting it for impregnable—

Were I in my castle of Bungay,  
Upon the river of Wareney,  
I would not care for the King of Cockney:—

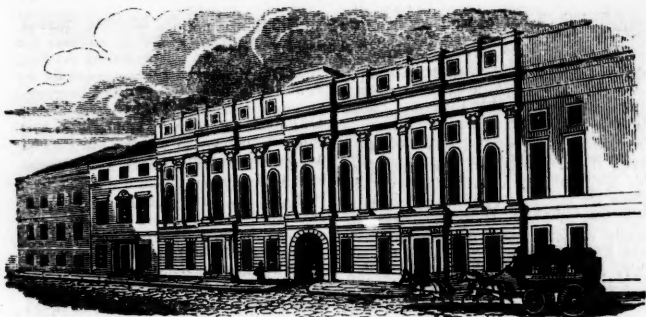
Meaning thereby King Henry II., then quietly possessed of London, whilst some other places did resist him;—though afterwards he so humbled this *Hugh*, that he was fain with large sums of money, and pledges for his loyalty, to redeem this his castle from being rased to the ground. I meet with a double fence of this word Cockney: 1st—one *cocksed* and *coquered*, made a wanton or nestle-cock, delicately bred and brought up, so as when grown up to be able to endure no hardship; 2nd—one utterly ignorant of country affairs of husbandry and housewifery, as then practised. The original thereof, and the tale of the citizen's son, who knew not the language of a *cock*, but called it *neighing*, is commonly known."

N.B. Perhaps some enlightened *Cockney* may cast an extra gleam of light on this dark subject, and redeem his fellow-race from ignorance.

P. T. W.

#### HOLLY

Is supposed to be corrupted from *holy* as Dr. Turner, our earliest writer on plants, calls it *holy* and *holy-tree*; which appellation was given it most probably from its being used in holy places. In Germany it is named *Christdorn*; in Denmark, *Chriathorn*; and in Sweden, *Christtorn*, whence it appears to be considered a holy plant in those countries.



LIVERPOOL: NORTH JOHN STREET.

(To the Editor.)

THERE are few provincial towns that can exhibit finer specimens of improvement than Liverpool: and as it may with truth, be said of England, that "her merchants are princes" so, in this town it may be remarked that their counting-houses are palaces. The range of building, of which the above forms a part, is composed entirely of offices, having spacious warehouses at the back; and extends from Dale Street to the site of the Old Dock, on which the New Custom House is now erecting. The basement is of stone, as are the fluted pillars; the remainder of the erection is brick, cemented. John Street, (now divided into North and South) is one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the town: a few years ago it was a narrow lane, along which two carts could not pass abreast; and from its closeness, and the old buildings with which it was encumbered, was dangerous to foot passengers. It is now equal in width to some of the finest streets of the metropolis, and when entirely finished, will not suffer by a comparison with them. This is but one of the many improvements which the public spirit of the Corporation has effected, and which bid fair to render Liverpool second to no city in the kingdom.

J. G. B. P.

St. Andrew-st. Liverpool.

## POLAND.

Weep for the mighty dead,  
They who for Poland bled,  
Cold is their dewy bed,—

Weep for the brave!

Low lies her nobles' pride,  
Slain by their comrades' side,  
Stemming the battle tide,—

Oh! weep for the brave!

E.

## The Selector;

AND  
LITERARY NOTICES OF  
NEW WORKS.

THE USURER'S DAUGHTER.

(By a Contributor to Blackwood's Magazine.)

WE opine this work to be from the author of *Atherton, Rank and Talent, &c.* It is throughout a long train of trial, and altogether such a picture of human nature as we had rather read in books than witness in the world. Nevertheless, it is not overdrawn; and if there be any fault, "the only fault is with mankind." The very word "usurer" prepares the reader for black-work, and a pretty display of the "old gentlemanly vice." The story is strongly tinged with this evil spirit; but the wickedness of the usurer only makes us the more admire the noble disinterestedness of the "daughter," and lends a charm to her loveliness beyond the graphic skill of mere words. The character of the heroine is one of great moral beauty: she rejects splendid offers in marriage, when made with a view to her inheritance of her father's wealth, and seeks to atone for his criminal love of money by anxiety to bestow her hand and fortune upon a comparatively humble lover—a clerk in the Secretary of State's offices. Here the mysterious trouble begins: bad men are busy to destroy the character, if not the existence, of the husband. A romance of real life ensues—in Italy, that land of dark design—the plot thickens with pandering and bad passion; and the reader is thus led through three volumes of highly adventurous interest to not an unlooked for conclusion.



The plot of the story, it will be inferred, is not purely novel, since the merit of the book is chiefly in the ingenuity with which its outline is filled in. The characters are powerfully drawn, and exhibit the author's *forte* to considerable advantage—we mean his mode of getting at the under currents of men's motives by deep searches into their rule of action. Take, for example, the following sketch of Erpingham, the usurer, and his daughter Margaret, from the early portion of the work:—

"It was not unusual for Mr. Erpingham to go from home at any hour of the day or night, and he never let it be known whither he was gone. His usurious transactions required much privacy, and frequently the most unreasonable hours. Margaret also knew that whenever he made his visits westward, or received his visits from those of the west, midnight was most generally selected for the purpose. It was, therefore, in her mind that her father's absence on this occasion was not so much for the purpose of keeping out of the way of the rioters, as for some pecuniary transaction with one of that class, which, in these matters, makes a great point of the utmost secrecy. To ascertain, therefore, whether this visit was with her father's concurrence or not, Margaret, on his return home, immediately mentioned to him what had occurred.—Mr. Erpingham listened very attentively to the narrative; but he was not one from whose countenance anything might be learned; neither eye nor lip ever with him moved involuntarily, and the connexion between his heart and his countenance, had it ever existed, had been by craft and commerce entirely cut off. 'I know nothing of the person whom you have described; but if he has any interest in seeing you or me again, he will find his way here.' So said the usurer; and that was all the notice he took of the communication.—It is a great annoyance to an individual who takes an interest in every thing to have to do with one who takes an interest in nothing. This was the kind of annoyance to which Margaret Erpingham was continually subject. Her father having only one object in view, and not regarding that with any visible passion, seemed to pass through the world without emotion. But his avarice was a passion of such profundity that it was calm by its very depth, and it swallowed up and concealed all other passion. He loved his daughter according to the best of his ability, and endeavoured to express that love; but, in

truth, so deeply did he love himself, that he knew not how to express his love for another; and having so long found it policy to conceal passion, he could give no energy to the language through which he sought to convey the sentiments of regard or affection. And there had been in all the conduct of Margaret Erpingham such an affectionate accuracy and beautiful propriety, that she had never given him cause for any expression or feeling of anger; and perhaps it may with truth be said, that the young lady suffered more from this placidity than she would have done from an occasional and transient violence; for she had the mortification of knowing that this imperturbability of her father arose not from a moral sentiment of self-government, but from the engrossing selfishness of one unconquerable vice."

Then the death-bed of the usurer:—

"On the following day, according to her promise, Margaret presented herself at her father's house, and found him still living, but manifestly sinking rapidly. He was in his bed, but restless. His mind, the nurse said, had been sadly wandering; but all the talk on which he had been exerting his feeble remnant of the power of speech was concerning money. Upon his bed and upon the pillows of his bed there lay his books—the only books in which he felt any interest, or to which he had ever paid the slightest attention. There were also several bags of gold coin, which he gathered close up to himself ever and anon pressing them with his long attenuated fingers, as if to be sure that he possessed them. Now and then he would try to lift one up, in order to look at it more closely, placing it between his eye and the light, and it would fall from his feeble grasp,—and then he would utter a slight hysteric shriek, and he would feel about for it with a trembling hand, and be in an agony till he had grasped it again. So melancholy a sight as this produced on the mind of his afflicted daughter a sensation of almost horror. It was a scene too hard for tears. As Margaret approached the bed, Mr. Erpingham looked earnestly at her, and said—'Who is that?'

"'It is I, sir, your daughter Margaret, come to crave your forgiveness and your blessing.'

"'I will not forgive you—I will not bless you—you shall have none of my money. All these bags are mine. Keep away—keep away—don't touch them—you are too near.'

"'I wish only, sir,' replied Margaret,

'to hear you say that you forgive me, and that you will give me your blessing.'

"No, no—you do not want to have words—forgiveness and blessing are only words—you do not want them. You want my money. If I forgive you and bless you I must give you money, which I will not do. No—no—no."

"Margaret, in an agony and tearless grief, knelt down near the bed-side, and prayed aloud. Her father looked, or rather endeavoured to look, sternly and forbiddingly at her; but his sight failed him, and he heard her voice, but saw her not. He was restless and angry for awhile, and then he resumed his amusement of grasping and endeavouring to count the bags that were about him on his pillow. He again grew impatient, and called Margaret by name. Then she rose from her kneeling position and went close to the bed-side, and took her father by the hand and said—"I am delighted, sir, to hear you call me by name: you will speak kindly to me."

"When the usurer felt the pressure of his daughter's hand, and perceived that she was very near to him, he suddenly snatched his hand away from her grasp, and said, 'Go—go—you want to rob me.'

"I came, sir," replied the daughter, 'at your call.'

"And I called you," said he, 'that you might cease the annoyance of your prayers.'

"Oh, sir, my heart bleeds to hear you speak thus. How long will you resist the impressions of humanity and good feeling? The world is departing from you."

"Yes, I feel it is," said the usurer; 'but I will cleave to it till the very last. I will not part with my money. It is all mine—mine—mine own.'

"Surely," said Margaret, lowly and faintly, in a kind of soliloquy, 'his senses fail him. This cannot be the language of intention and reason.'

"But it is," said he hastily, 'it is the language of reason, I know what I say. I have never been deceived by words through the course of my life. I will not be deceived by words now that I am drawing nigh unto death.'

"Tears came at length to the relief of the afflicted daughter, and she withdrew from the bed-side and sat at a little distance, watching the ebb of life. Her prayers were now silent, but not the less fervent for their silence. The minutes passed painfully, and Margaret sat absorbed in thought—in momentary expectation that the pulse of life would

stand still. Scarcely did she dare to speak, or even breathe.

"For more than two hours the afflicted daughter sat watching the hard breathings and convulsive emotions of her dying father. There was now no hope of any relenting, or of any expression of kindness, for the faculties were going. Consciousness was passing away, and the world was receding. Margaret looked so earnestly and so intently, that her own faculty of observation was benumbed; and though her eyes were directed to her father, they were as though they looked only on vacancy. From this reverie she was awakened by a slight exclamation from the nurse, who hastily cried out—"He's gone!" Margaret started up and rushed towards the bed. Life was extinct. The hands were clenched, grasping the bags of gold; and his death was as his life had been—in the midst of unenjoyed wealth."

There are in these volumes a few such portraits of domestic-historic character as we recognised with pleasure in *Atherton*. The time is that of "the riots of 80," as old folks call it: the work opens with "the night of Wednesday, June 7, 1780—a night of horror and dismay to the city of London, such as it has not witnessed before or since;" and vividly describes the attack of one of Lord George Gordon's mobs upon the usurer's house. An interview with George the Third in Kew Gardens is also narrated in the second volume; and there are many other touches of this nature, which, like properties in a play, assist the individuality of the interest.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### MY FIRST DUEL.

"Sung lying here in the Abbey."—*The Rivals*.

THERE are some events in the life of a man that make an indelible impression on the mind; events that, amid the varied scenes of love, of war, or ambition, are to the last hour of existence as forcibly impressed on the tablet of memory, as at the moment when they were first inscribed there by the hand of fate. Of this nature is our first duel—the recollection of the first time that we stood on the boundary line that separates the civilization of the ancient and modern worlds. There are several kinds of courage, it has been a thousand times remarked—all of which, if we take the trouble of metaphysically analysing, we shall find are but the consciousness of

our own force or skill. The squadron of steel-clad cuirassiers rides gallantly at the square of infantry, heedless of the bristling bayonets, of the kneeling front rank, or the murderous volley of the rear. The sailor, lashed to the helm, looks calmly on the raging tempest. The huntsman, in pursuit of game, springs fearlessly across the yawning chasm, or boldly attacks the lion in his lair. Habit, and a familiarity with danger, deadens the instinctive dread of death implanted in us by nature; yet the cheek of the bravest man may blanch, and the life's blood curdle in the veins, when he finds himself opposed to an adversary, who, without exaggeration, at twelve paces, could wing a musquito. Such was my case when quite a raw and inexperienced youngster, exposed, at the age of sixteen, to one of the most slippery tricks that dame Fortune, in her most wayward humour, can play a man. Every one must recollect the rancorous animosity that subsisted between the British and Americans for several years after the termination of the war between the two countries. Time has now, in some degree, softened down this hostile feeling; but, in 1818, it blazed fiercely forth at Gibraltar, where a slight misunderstanding at one of the guard-houses led to a succession of bloody, and, in some instances, fatal rencontres, between the garrison and the officers of the American squadron, at that time in the bay. Similar scenes were enacted at Madeira, though with less fatal results; and, only a few months afterwards, when the United States corvette Ontario, and the British frigate Hyperion, were lying in the bay of Callao de Lima, to so rancorous a pitch had this feeling risen, that the commanders of the two ships came to an understanding to allow their officers to go on shore only on alternate days; and by this timely precaution they prevented a hostile collision, which would in all probability have deprived the services of both countries of some valuable and gallant officers. It was during the noon-tide heat of this rancorous feeling between the two nations, that I one evening entered a Café, in one of the Brazilian outposts, to meet, by appointment, a friend, from whom I was to receive some letters of introduction for the interior of the country, for which I was on the eve of my departure. The streets were silent and deserted; the only sound to be heard was the vesper hymn sweetly floating on the evening breeze. On entering the Café, I found it tenanted by a group of savage-looking Minheiros, who were drinking and listening to a love-lay,

sung with great sweetness to a guitar accompaniment, by a mulatto youth; and a party of four American officers, who were going home, invalided from their squadron, round the Horn. Forcibly as my attention was arrested by the picturesque costume of the Brazilian mountaineers—one of those dark satanic groups that the spirit of Salvator so revelled in delineating—it did not escape me that the subject of discourse with the American party was England, against whose institutions and people violent abuse and unmeasured invective were levelled, in that drawling, nasal tone that so particularly distinguishes our transatlantic brethren. No man, even of the most cosmopolitan composition, can digest violent strictures on the country of his birth; the language of the Americans jarred violently on my ear, but though it stirred up the ill blood of my nature, I did not exactly think myself called upon to play the Don Quixote, and to run a tilt against all those who should choose to asperse the majesty of England. By the young and ardent this feeling, I am aware, may be stigmatized as ignoble; but those whose passions have been mellowed by time and experience will, I think, own the prudence of the line of conduct I pursued.

I therefore took my seat, lighted a segar, and listened attentively to the beautiful modinha sung by the mulatto; there was a plaintive softness in the air, and an exquisite simplicity in the words of the ditty, that told the pangs of unrequited love—

"Depois que Martillo portio,  
Partio comelle o prazer—  
Amor que pode nao qua valer  
Na ha remedio senao morer."

that had well nigh allayed the angry feelings that were struggling for mastery in my bosom; when the strictures of the Americans, which had hitherto been levelled at Old England in general, were directed to me personally, and left me but one—one honourable alternative. "When a man openly insults you," says my Lord Chesterfield, "knock him down." If I did not on this occasion follow his lordship's advice *à la lettre*, I did something which, among *honourable men*, is deemed tantamount to it, and which produced a challenge from one of the party—a demand for immediate satisfaction on the following morning, on the plea that their departure was fixed for the succeeding day.—"Gentlemen," said I, "willing as I shall be to give you the satisfaction you require, I doubt my ability to do so at the early

hour you have named; for I am a stranger here, and may experience some difficulty in finding a second among my countrymen, who are quite strangers to me; and are, moreover, established in a country, where the laws against duelling are severe—banishment to the shores of Africa—I must, therefore, defer the rencontre till the evening, not doubting in the mean time to find some one to dome the office I stand in need of."

A provoking sneer played round the lips of three of the party, and an exclamation of withering contempt was on the point of escaping them, when the fourth, who had hitherto been quietly sipping his sangaree, rose from his chair, and addressed me with great politeness of manner:—"I cannot conceal from myself," were his words, "that this quarrel has been forced upon you, and I regret, from the turn it has taken, that there remains nothing but the last appeal; but if, as you say, you are a stranger here, and are likely to experience any difficulty in finding a second, I will myself most willingly do you that office: for I can conceive no situation so forlorn, so desolate, as that of a man, in the solitary loneliness of a foreign land, without a friend to stand by him in an honourable quarrel."

The hearty pressure of my outstretched hand must have told him better than words could do, how deeply sensible I was of the service he was about to render me. We separated. The sun had scarcely gilded the balconies of the east when I arose, hurried on my clothes, and having given a few directions to my servant, hastened towards the spot where, on the preceding evening, I had parted from my new friend. It was a beautiful morning, the sun had risen in all the splendour of a tropical clime, and as I moved on through the silent streets, methought the fair face of nature had never looked so beautiful—not a sound was heard, save the solemn peal of the matin bell, or the rustling of the silk mantilla of some fair beata, as she glided past me to pour forth her morning orisons at the shrine of her patron saint. I at length reached the palace square, and observed my American friend slowly pacing the esplanade of the church St. Maria. He was tall and bony; his blue frock and ample white trousers hung about him with republican negligence of manner; he wore his shirt collar open; and his long matted dark hair was shadowed by a broad-brimmed hat of Chilian straw, white in comparison to the sallow hue of his complexion; his countenance I can never

forget: it wore not the open frankness and gallant bearing of the soldier, but there was an expression of enthusiasm of a cool, determined cast, a stern intrepidity; and, as he stretched out his hand to welcome, and fixed his large black eye on me with a concentrated gaze that seemed to read my thoughts, it struck me that I beheld the very beau ideal of a duellist.

We moved on, each of us wrapped up in his own meditations, when, on clearing the city, he at length broke the silence that had prevailed, by asking me if I had ever been out before? On my answering the question in a negative. "I supposed as much," he continued. "At your age one has seldom drawn a trigger, but on a hare or partridge; remember, therefore, to follow implicitly the instructions I shall give you in placing you on the ground; and take this segar," he added, handing me one from his case: "it is a powerful stimulant, and quickens the circulation of the blood."

We had by this time reached the field of action, and discovered my adversary, his second, and a medical attendant, smoking their segars beneath the shade of a cluster of cocoa-nut trees, that stood in loneliness in the middle of the valley. They arose on our approach, saluted me sternly, and interchanged friendly greetings with my companion. "You will, of course," observed my adversary's friend, "have no objection to sixteen paces."—"As the challenged party, we have the right of choosing our own distance," rejoined my second; "say, therefore, twelve paces, instead of sixteen, and the firing down."—"Twelve paces," I repeated to myself: "can he be playing me false?" But I did him injustice, for to this arrangement I owe to all human certainty my life.

The ground was measured. My second placed me with my back to the sun—a disposition that brought his rays right on my opponent's line of sight. The seconds retired to load. The ramming down of the balls grated with portentous effect upon my ear. All being ready, my second, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, bound one end of it tightly round my right hand, and measuring the length of my arm, which he marked by a knot, brought it across the back over the left shoulder, where the knot was tightly grasped by the left hand. "Now, then," he said, on putting the pistol into my hand, "be cool! When the signal is given, let your arm steadily fall, till you find it brought up by the handkerchief, and then fire!" The appointed signal was given; both

fired at as nearly the same moment as possible, but with unequal success. My adversary's bullet passed through my hat; mine was more unerring in its aim—he reeled, and fell. My first impulse was to rush towards him, but I was arrested in my course by my second, who stood close beside me. "Remain where you are, Sir," said he; "he may yet stand another shot." This was not, however, the case—the ball had entered the shoulder; and as the wounded man lay weltering in his blood, he said with a look of reproach to my companion—"B—n, this is all your doing." We conveyed him to a neighbouring hut, till the shades of evening allowed us to convey him on board his ship. As we walked off the ground, my companion said to me, "You doubtless wondered why I rather placed you at twelve than sixteen paces. Know, then, that, at the latter distance, your adversary was a dead shot. At twelve, it occurred to me that he might by chance fire over you, that, unaccustomed to that distance, he might not correctly allow for the parabola described by the ball on leaving the pistol—the result," he added, with a smile, "has proved that my calculation was correct. Had you, too," he added, "allowed your arm to have fallen with greater force, the shot would have taken effect lower, and might" (this was said very coolly) "have proved fatal. But I must not find fault with you, as it was your first essay."

On the following morning my generous friend—my preserver, in fact—my wounded adversary, and his friends, sailed for the States. I have never seen them since, or even heard of them, save a few short lines sent me by a vessel they spoke at sea, to inform me that the wounded man was doing well.

I have often reflected since on the high-toned generous feeling that entered so deeply into the peculiarity of my situation; the high resolve that, once pledged, sternly devoted itself to carry me through, indifferent to the ties of country or friendship. That my friend was a duellist, his conduct on the ground warrants me in supposing. I am ignorant if he yet walks this earth. But this I know, had I gone into the field with any one else, I should now be sleeping beneath the white walls of the English cemetery at R—. — *Monthly Magazine*.

### Notes of a Reader.

EUGENE ARAM.

LITTLE did the murderer, Aram, think that after a lapse of eighty years, his

criminal career would be sung in the form of "A Dream," and become the subject of a novel in three ample volumes. Yet, Mr. Hood has performed the one with a depth and gracefulness of poetic feeling which raise his talents far above the mere *jeux* of the hour, and the points of comic humour with which he garnishes our Christmas table: while Mr. Bulwer, his own *Pelham*, has left the coteries of high life to chronicle and embellish with flashes of saturnine wit, — the details of Eugene's deed of blood.

Mr. Hood's "Dream" will be remembered by our readers as appearing in the *Gem* for 1829, whence it was transferred to our 12th volume, p. 318. Here we have the poem reprinted and illustrated with beautiful designs by W. Harvey, engraved on wood by Branstons and Wright. We have not room to particularize all of them: the Vignette, Eugene lying on a bank, and a vision of a hand bearing a bag of money, and pointing to a bloody knife, is terrifically picturesque; Eugene, "remote from all, a melancholy man," poring over a large volume beneath a tree, and school-boys at cricket, in the distance, is a touching contrast of care and thoughtless childhood; the murder by moonlight:

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick  
And one with a heavy stone."

—the atrocious features of Eugene, who is just hurling a huge stone at his victim,—is of equal force; casting the body in a stream, is another; the next subject, the bare corpse from which a mighty wind had swept the leaves,—is perhaps the finest of all: nothing can exceed the delicacy and effect of the foliage in the wind. In short, whether we consider this half-crown pamphlet as a group of exquisite engravings, or as the means of preserving Mr. Hood's poem in an elegant form, we must thank the spirited publisher for its production.

### ATLAS OF THE BIBLE.

FIVE parts of the *Biblical Series* of the Family Cabinet Atlas are now before us, and fully sustain the high reputation of the Modern Series. Its clearness and accuracy are really exquisite.

### THE SUNDAY LIBRARY

HAS attained its completion in the sixth volume, which contains sermons by Secker, Huntingford, Blomfield, Maltby, Pott, Morehead, Milman, D'Oyly, Mant, Heber, and Porteus. We are, however, happy to see announced a Companion to the present work, to commence with a

Life of Christ, by Dr. Dibdin, the editor of the present Series. The excellent tendency of such works in families need not be here enforced.

#### THE CHAMELEON,

FROM whose pages we transcribed the story of Jean Prevost in our No. 522, is a Scottish Annual, of as many hued character as its name imports. It consists of tales and poetical pieces of all shades and dimensions: there are leaves from history, and historical incidents worked up with great ingenuity—sketches of broad humour—songs and sonnets—snatches of philosophy and the elements of thought—dramatic and colloquial scenes—extending upwards of 300 pages—and altogether forming, in its way, a very clever book. Moreover, the publisher, a worthy Glaswegian, is, we understand the author of the whole volume: he is in himself a host, and his production nearly equals the best of our Annuals, in which all the great names of literature are enlisted. A pretty frontispiece of Rolandseck and Frauenworth denotes that romance is not omitted in the *soft shades* of the volume.

#### THE COMPANION TO THE ALMANAC

FOR the ensuing year is about the cheapest half-crown's worth of information within our recollection. It will be valuable to all classes, the learned as well as the unlearned; to the former upon the principle that "great contemporaries whet each other." It is a kind of Annual Register of Useful Knowledge, and the articles have a cyclopædic character, with the advantage of their being *up to the time*. Among the papers in this *Companion*, which have long been wanted in so accessible a form, are—A Chronological Account of the connexion between England and India; A Chronological List of Authors, with the name of their principal work; A Chapter explaining the nature and operation of the funds (really valuable); and a valuable paper, entitled the Statistics of America. There are likewise Astronomical Papers, Parliamentary Abstracts, and a descriptive outline of public improvements during the year, with its chronology. In the description of New London Bridge, which is copiously drawn up, it appears that the Corporation in changing the site of the new bridge from that of the old one, with the new approaches added 456,000*l.* to the estimate; "but in consequence of the nature of the approaches, others had afterwards to be submitted, which in-

creased the actual expenditure to nearly 2,000,000*l.*" In speaking of the recent report of the insecurity of the new bridge, the writer observes "it is to be feared the false economy which caused the piles of the cofferdam formed round the piers to be drawn, and not sawn off, leaving the ends in the ground, has shaken the ground round the piers. This may, eventually, cause much mischief to the piers."

#### MEMS. FROM A GARDENING TOUR IN THE WEST OF SCOTLAND,

*By the Editor of the Gardeners' Magazine.*

FOR the sake of such of our readers as know little of the history of Scotland, we may state that, in former times, the heads of clans had a power of life and death over their vassals; and tried all actions, criminal as well as civil, that took place within their territories. Death, in the lowlands, was carried into execution by hanging the delinquent on a tree destined for the purpose, which generally grew close to the baronial residence, and was called the *dool tree*. In the highlands, where trees were less common, a deep pit or well was often used for the same purpose; the individual to be hanged going down a ladder into the well, and fixing the rope round his neck himself; the ladder being withdrawn, he was then pulled half way up by the executioner, and left suspended. These times appear to us horrible; but, considering the then state of civilization, we question if more suffering, relatively to their capacity for enjoyment, was then endured by the people, than is now suffered by the comparatively refined natives of Great Britain, and especially in England, from the prejudices, ignorance, and tyranny of individuals who sometimes find their way into the local or unpaid magistracy. The abuse of the poor-laws, and consequent distress of the labouring classes, may be clearly traced to this source. But these and other evils are gradually passing away. Posterity will look on the hereditary judges of the dark ages, and the rural justices and hereditary legislators of the present time, as necessary steps in the progress of society from barbarism to that high and equal civilization which will be ultimately produced by high, equal, and universal education.

By many, this prospective view of society will be thought chimerical; but, by turning to the *Quarterly Journal of Education* (vol. ii., p. 251—259, 8vo., 1831), it will be seen that it already, in



a great measure, exists; and has done so for a century in the state of New England, in North America.

#### *Scottish Character.*

As far as we have hitherto advanced in Scotland, man certainly appears sufficiently different from his fellows in the central counties of England, and even in Lancashire, to be considered as a distinct sub-variety: using the word variety in its scientific sense, as indicative of peculiarity of habit induced by accidental circumstances. Speaking of the body, the habit of both sexes, among the lower classes of the Scotch, of passing the years of infancy bare-legged and bare-footed, seems to have communicated a degree of activity of character not found among the same class in any of the lowland counties of England; nor even, as it appears to us, in Derbyshire, or the hilly districts of Cumberland or Westmoreland. The imperfection of the Scotch dwellings, and the necessity which the Scotch people are under, from infancy, of having recourse to expedients, must have an effect in calling forth their inventive powers; but, while this is favourable to ingenuity and perseverance, it must be confessed to be unfavourable to the progress of cleanliness and habits of neatness, which are, unquestionably, not so prevalent among the poorest class in Scotland as they are among the poorest class in England. These circumstances, the uncertainty of the climate, and their school education, probably give to the Scotch that sagacity which is generally allowed to be one of the national characteristics. Their attachment to their parents, said to be another characteristic, is in part a remainder of the principle of clanship, and in part the result of the mutual dependence of parents and children upon each other, which necessarily takes place in an agricultural country, and one without poor-rates. Where commerce, manufactures, and high wages have been introduced, children, in consequence of being early forced to earn money, soon become independent of their parents, and filial affection is often found to give way. This tendency is not to be counteracted by recurring to the agricultural state, but by moral and intellectual education; by which, it may be said, the head is called in to assist the heart; and that which originated in feelings of self-preservation, is continued through a sense of justice and duty.

#### SERVANTS IN AMERICA.

WE quote the following from a recent letter from North America:—"In mentioning the term 'master,' which is obsolete here, I may remark that I never knew a native American who wore livery, nor would extra wages induce them to put it on. I have frequently made the inquiry, but always found that those in liveries were foreigners. Neither are there in America any steerage passengers in the packet-boats. There is one cabin for the ladies and another for the gentlemen, in which all, whether master or servant, mix on a footing of perfect equality. It is the same as to stage-coaches, which have only one fare; and neither the coachman nor any of the servants at the inns receives a farthing from the passengers or customers. All that takes place between man and man in this country is on the principle of equitable exchange: there is considered to be no obligation on either side."

#### A WINTER DINNER.

THE table is all alive with hot animal food. A steam of rich distilled perfumes reaches the roof, at the lowest measurement seven feet high. A savoury vapour! The feast takes all its name and most of its nature from—beef and greens. The one corned, the other crisp—the two combined—the glory of Martinmas. The beef consists almost entirely of lean fat—rather than of fat lean—and the same may be said of that bacon. See! how the beef cuts longways, with the bone—if it be not indeed a sort of sappy gristle. Along the edges of each plate, as it falls over from the knife-edge among the gravy-greens, your mouth waters at the fringe of fat, and you look for "the mustard." Of such beef and greens, there are four trenchers—each like a tea-tray; and yet you hope that here is a *corps-du-reserve* in the kitchen. Saw you ever any where else, except before a barn-door, where flail or fanners were at work, such a muster of how-towdies? And how rich the rarer roasted among the frequent boiled! As we are Christians—that is an incredible goose—yet still that Turkey is not put out of countenance—and "as what seems his head the likeness of a kingly crown has on," he must be no less than the bubbly. Black and brown grouse are not eatable—till they have *packed*; and these have been shot on the snow out of a cottage window, by a man in his shirt taking vizzzy with the "lang gun" by starry moonlight. Yea—pies. Some fruit—and some flesh—that

veal—and this apples. Cod's-head and shoulders, twenty miles from the sea, is at all times a luxury—and often has that monster lain like a ship at anchor, off the Dogger-bank—supposed by some to have been a small whale. Potatoes always look well in the crumbling candour of that heaped-up mealiness, like a raised pyramid. As for mashed turnips, for our life, when each is excellent of its kind, we might not decide whether the palm should be awarded to the white or the yellow; but perhaps on your plate, with the butter-mixed bloodiness of steak, cutlet, or mere slice of rump, to a nicely underdone, both are best—a most sympathetic mixture, in which the peculiar taste of each is intensely elicited, while a new flavour, or absolute *tertium quid*, is impressed upon the palate, which, for the nonce, is not only invigorated, but refined.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

### The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles  
SHAKESPEARE.

#### ORIGIN OF RAW HEAD AND BLOODY-BONES, ELFS AND GOBLINS.

BUTLER in his *Hudibras* says, "The author of a Dialogue between Timothy and Philatheus (Introduction, page 33) speaking of that barbarous custom among the heathens, of sacrificing their children," relates "It came to pass with some of them, that they made nothing to bake and stew their children, without pepper and salt; and to invite such of their Gods as they best liked to the entertainment. This gave rise to the natural apprehensions all our little ones have of *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones*. And, I must needs tell you, I should not have liked it myself; but should have took to my heels at the first sound of the *stew-pan*; and, besides that, have had a mortal aversion to *minc'd meat* ever after."

Dr. Heylin, in his "*Cosmography*," says, "That some are of opinion, that the fiction of *Elfs* and *Goblins*, whereby we used to frighten young children, was derived from *Guelphs* and *Gibbelines*. These were two opposite factions in Italy, that engaged against each other, in the thirteenth century, one in behalf of the Emperor, and the other in behalf of the Pope." But Dr. Johnson says "It appears that *elfe* is Welsh, and much older than those factions. *Elff* *Uishon*, are *phantoms of the night*, and the Germans likewise have long had spirits among them named *Goboldi*, from which *gobeline* might be derived."

BONAPARTE in one of his campaigns and very shortly after his marriage with Josephine, was met by a deputation from a town which he was on the point of entering. The Municipal orator after eulogizing, most profusely, the martial and republican glory of "*le Citoyen General*," was gallantly extending his compliments to "*la Citoyenne Generale*," when Bonaparte hastily interrupted him by saying "Stop, stop, my friend; you are under a mistake; my wife does not hold even the rank of a *corporal* in my army."

#### QUEER SPECIMENS OF HONOUR.

SIR Roger L'Estrange tells us of a French woman, that stood up for the honour of her family. Her coat (she said) was quartered with the arms of France, which was so far true, that she had the *Fleur de Lis* stamped (we must not say branded) upon her shoulder. He also tells us, of a Spaniard, that was wonderfully upon the huff about his extraction, and would needs prove himself of such a family, by the spelling of his name. A cavalier in the company with whom he had the controversy, very civilly yielded him the point,—“For (says he) I have examined the records of the House of Correction, and I find your grandfather was whipped there by that name.” A third of a gentleman thief under sentence of death, for a robbery upon the highway, who petitioned for the right-hand in the cart, to the place of execution. And of a *gentleman cobbler*, who charged his son at his death to maintain the honour of his family.

Farquhar in his comedy of the “Recruiting Officer,” makes Sergeant Kite say, respecting the *Bed of Honour*, “That it is a mighty large bed, bigger by half than the great bed of Ware. Ten thousand people may lie in it together and never feel one another.”—(See notes to *Hudibras*.) P. T. W.

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## LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

### PORTRAIT OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY WILLIAM IV.

AT FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE. ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

*From a Picture by Benjamin West, P. R. A.*

- |   |                                     |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| Rousseau's Tomb.                            | King's College, Front.              |
| Bombay.                                     | Charing Cross Hospital.             |
| Warsaw (Palace of the Minister of Finance.) | West Strand.                        |
| Arundel House.                              | Westminster Abbey, Royal Residence. |
| Durham House.                               | Uxbridge Treaty House.              |
| Warsaw, Government House.                   | Ditto, George Inn.                  |
| Tintern Abbey.                              | Hotel de Ville, Brussels.           |
| London Bridge (Opening of the New.)         | Bridewell Palace.                   |
| Cracow University.                          | Stoke Poges Church Porch.           |
| Whale, Skeleton of a Gigantic.              | Stoke Manor House.                  |
| Adelaide Lodge, Windsor.                    | St. Sepulchre's Church, Cambridge.  |
| Coronation Chair.                           | Persia: Street in Ispahan.          |
| Imperial Crown.                             | La Perouse's Column.                |
| Coronation Regalia.                         | Esher Place.                        |
| Coronation of their Majesties.              | Screen in Westminster Abbey.        |
| Ditto, the Homage.                          | The Rear Admiral.                   |
| Cockermouth Castle.                         | Which way did the Fox go?           |
| Goethe's House at Weimar.                   | In Full Blow.                       |
| Upton Church.                               | Scraping an Acquaintance.           |
| Tunbridge Wells.                            | A Watchman.                         |
| New Volcanic Island, Sicily.                | Holy Sepulchre at Heckington.       |
| Sir Joshua Reynolds's Palette.              | John Street, Liverpool.             |
| King's College, Strand Entrance.            | Pope's Tower.                       |

